

UPON HIS MAJESTIES Going for IRELAND.

GO on, Great Prince, the mighty Work pursue,
And reap the Laurels to your Vertue due.
Go on, and let the sad *Ierne* share
Your Glorious Triumphs, as it do's your Care.
There Victory will on your Arms attend,
(For Heaven must sure the Justest Cause befriend :)
There urge the Fortune of your growing Fate,
And kindly prop *Ierne's* sinking State.

Well, now he's Shipt !— See how th' obsequious
And trembling Billows fear to entertain (Main
So Great a Pledge of Fortune, One to whom
Fate owes so many Victories to come.
Cease, cease, ye Winds, you need not send your Gales,
His Subjects Loyal Vows will fill the Sails.
The wondring Sea-gods on their Master gaze,
And Reverend *Triton* on his Trumpet plays :
No foamy Waves alarm the peaceful Deep,
The Winds are hush'd, the very Tempests sleep ;
Till safely landing on the distant Shore,
He views a Place he never saw before.

Behold the Monarch walking on the Strand,
Whilst mighty Crowds do blacken all the Sand :
Guns, Trumpets, Drums, his Welcom all proclaim ;
There's Soul, there's Life, nay, Magic in his Name.
New Vigour from his Sight the Soldier draws,
And through all Dangers boldly courts Applause ;
A nobler Warmth do's all the Men inspire,
Their Breasts are heated, and they feel the Fire ;
While Peals of artful Thunder rend the Air,
And their lowd Joy through the large Region bear.

What Place will first our *Cæsar's* Arms employ,
To give Prefage of future Victory ?
Th' unequal Force no meaner Town withstands,
But beg their Peace with low submissive Hands.
Cavan in vain relies upon its Strength,
And views those Turrets which must fall at length.
Where Valour's wanting, what do Walls avail ?
Those may be storm'd, but this can never fail.
The *English* Youth, like a bold Torrent, run,
And scorn the weak Attacks of Sword and Gun.

Forthwith the dastard *Irish* quit the Place,
And scarce dare look our Party in the Face.
So when Great *Josuah*, by God's Command,
With his unconquer'd Host o're-ran the Land,
The trembling *Canaanite*, possest with Fear,
Fled to the Hills, yet scarce found Safety there :
In vain they sought to shun approaching Death,
Begg'd to protract a poor and shameful Breath ;
The fiery *Jews* destroy the timorous Race,
And shew the hardned *Canaanite* no Grace.
Tredagh do's next the *English* Arms oppose,
Following the Counsel of her *Gallick* Foes :
At last, when no Relief, no Hope is near,
And Death do's in a thousand Shapes appear,
Taught by Experience of former Time,
When haughty *Cromwel* punish'd her great Crime,
To Article the wisely do's begin,
And opes her Gates, and lets the Monarch in.

Now Naked *Dublin* do our Troops survey,
A cheap, unguarded, and defenceless Prey,
Unless the *French* have labour'd to destroy
The Place they cou'd not any more enjoy.
And who can tell ? For Fear, with Malice join'd,
No Bounds, no Limits to their Fury find :
But if those Blood-hounds thus do serve the Isle,
All *France* next Year shall be its Funeral Pile.

'Tis far above the Meanness of my Verse,
Such great Heroick Actions to rehearse :
For, ah ! what Tribe of all the Mufe below
Can our Great Prince in equal Numbers shew ?
But if the Great *Apollo* do's inspire
My vig'rous Mind with no fantastick Fire,
Ireland will in a Years revolving Space
Our Mighty *Cæsar's* Glorious Triumphs grace.
Jove did the Isle from Toads and Spiders free,
A puny Task, below a Deity :
But you far greater Miracles renew,
A larger Laurel to your Worth is due ;
For by the Influence of your careful Toil
You free the Men, *Jove* only freed the Soil.

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